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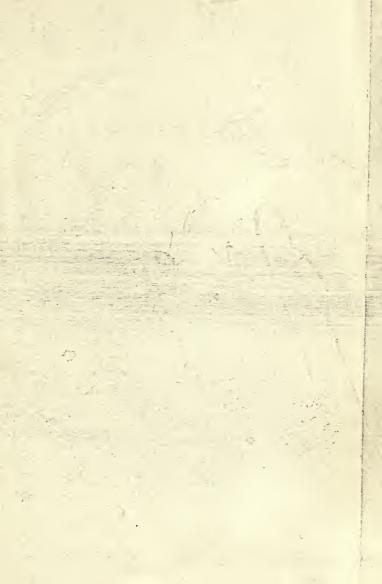


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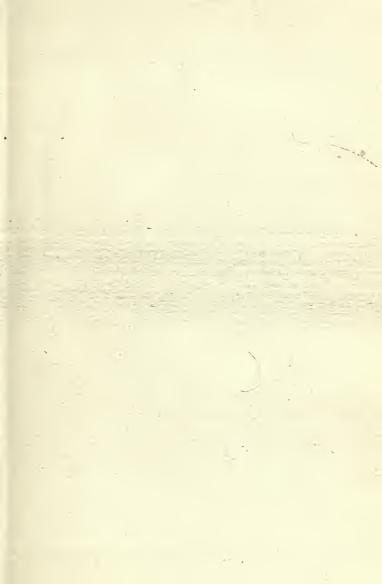




MANIKIN NUMBER ONE



POEMS OF JANET LEWIS



MANIKIN NUMBER ONE

Bancroft 3812 L 587 R7

JANET LEWIS

THE INDIANS IN THE WOODS

P53523 E866I5 1922 MAIN

THE INDIANS IN THE WOODS

Ah, the woods, the woods Where small things Are distinct and visible,

The berry plant,
The berry leaf, remembered
Line for line.

There are three figures Walking in the woods Whose feet press down Needle and leaf and vine.

THE WIFE OF MANIBOZHO SINGS.

He comes and goes; There is no rest While he is here Or gone.

I cannot say
That his feet have pressed
The leaves
He was standing on.



He comes and goes And the maple leaves Lie still Under the sun.

THE GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS

Ah, the cold, cold days When we lived On wintergreen berries and nuts, On caraway seeds.

The deer went over the grass With wet hooves
To the river to drink.

Their shadows passed Our tent.

NIGHTFALL AMONG POPLARS

As light grew horizontal, I, among braken, Felt the cold ripples Among braken stems.

The quick dry spider Ran across my hand.

A SONG FOR FOLLOWING GULLS

Over the sand hill I follow these; They and their crying Change like the seas.

I cannot tell you What they have cried, But the place of their going Is empty and wide.

I follow creeping, Tender and slow, Watching the sand drift Change as I go.

THE OLD WOMAN ALONE

The Grandmother picks her way Among the stones, the stones. She passes deer.

Upon brown flanks
The balsam needles fall.

Ah, stranger than a deer Caught in the open sunlight, The old woman.

MANIBUSH AND THE GRANDMOTHER

With keen ankles Dividing weed and weed He shakes the dry seed From the grass.

Fox feet, and five Bare leather paws And small sharp claws Accompany him.

From the blue spruce Tree where the wind blows I watch the flashing In the grass.

HE GOES AWAY AGAIN

In thorny juniper The wind is cold,

In thorny juniper.

Shadows
Of stones grow white with evening.

The deer, the deer Among the withered asters.

The spider, Making tight his web.

LIKE SUMMER HAY

Like summer hay it falls

Over the marshes, over

The cranberry flats,

Places where

the wild deer lay.

Now the deer leave tracks Down the pine hollow; petals Laid two by two, brown Against the snow.

ANISHINABEG IN THE CRANBERRY SWAMP

Autumn bows
The headed grass
With frost
And narrowed stem. Hoarfrost
Has rutted the swamp.

Their baskets fill With berries green as water, Their fingers cut With searching the hard grass.

Boats gather
At the point of land,
Deep hulls
Beneath the swing
Of wide red sails.

They beg old quilts
And blankets,
Wake at morning
Frost from hip to shoulder
Like morning mist.

ONE SITS IN THE WOODS

Gradual, continual approach
Of some one through the woods,
But no one comes.

The thin flame Shoots up Among grasses.

Violets, color of stone, Minute and scarce Where the great ants climb.

THE EXODUS AT EVENING

Light came sideways Into the hole; The badger's children Creeping sideways out.

Down they went To bushes in the valley, Treading silky yarrow.

THE VILLAGE

Among grey cones Odour of sweet grass And warm bodies;

Burnt fish, about The lukewarm stones, And ash.

And the night, like ice, Cuts color and odor Like flowers under a sickle.

These bodies, so still In the deluge Of fine air.

THE ROCKY ISLANDS

There are wolves Cracking dry bones On ledges Among sweet gale bushes.

And at night I climb to meet them Over the light Still flakes of rock.

THE THRESHING WIND

Cold and clear weather, And the wind harries us With a continual Beating of the grass For some fine seed.

The wild rice
Draws out its pointed leaves
With a perpetual flickering
As of wings
Or minnows turning.

These hold
The hard brown husk
That Manibush beat out,
Drawing the sharp green leaves
Against his shoulder.



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